

*Wm Clayton 1803*

# ABOUNDING GRACE:

1658. ff. 60.

A

## P O E M.

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Starting I woke, and found myself undone.

YOUNG.

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## T H E

## P R E F A C E.

TWAS not the little ambition of figuring in the poetical world, that was the cause of bringing the following lines from that obscurity, to which they were ever intended to be consigned. I do not so much as wish to have any claim to the name of *author*. My original design, in throwing these very imperfect thoughts together, was to gratify those worthy and esteemed friends, to whose resistless importunity it now owes its more public appearance. — I am well aware, what I am to expect from the different species of readers,

into whose hands this might probably fall. The gay and giddy, no doubt, will find sufficient matter for pun and sneer. They may enjoy their momentary sport by me uninterrupted; for, poorly as I estimate it, I know better the use and value of my time, than to waste it in encountering the insignificant impertinence of those whom I should pity much more than despise. The impious and profane, perhaps, may load it with more opprobrious abuse. But be it remembered, that, as their approbation is unsolicited, so their censure is too much a phantom for my fear. That it should pass uninjured through the critic's fire, is what I despair of. Not even my vanity has ever promised me his approbation. But 'tis hoped, as all pretence to critical merit is disclaimed, its confessed nothingness will restrain his severity;

seeing



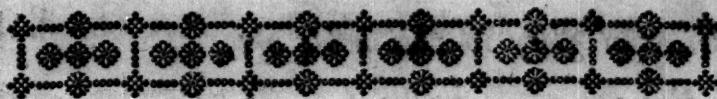
seeing so inconsiderable a conquest, as he here will obtain, can give him, at best, but a poor ovation. —— I expect it, likewise, to be liberally stigmatized, by those who are strangers to the feelings of religion, with the fashionable epithets of rant, enthusiasm, and the like. It might appear so to such; but to me it is different. I am, as much as they may be, an enemy to that chimerical extravagance, that makes a *Bedlam* of the brains of some: But yet would beg leave to say; however the despisers of experimental religion may censure and condemn it, and think it delusion, farce, and fancy; I know, through the riches of the divine grace, that there is a noble, substantial reality in it; an internal, heart-felt, vital, operative influence; which is often attended with such sublime and heavenly pleasures, as those who are

strangers

strangers to it can have no conception of: And if this be enthusiasm, I wish to know more and more of it every day. I would observe then to such, with the pious poet, that

*"On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm."*

And now I submit it to the compassion and candour of those much-loved friends, whose responding hearts, like rebounding echoes, will answer to every feeling here described; with whom, in yonder happy regions of eternal day, I hope to join the universal and never-ending song. And should it afford but the least matter of support, comfort, or encouragement to the feeblest Lamb in my blessed Shepherd's fold, I shall be more than paid for the little labour it has cost me: And may his eternal name have all the praise; to whom be glory for ever and ever.



## To the Author.

**G**O on, dear youth, expand thy raptur'd soul,  
And stretch to utmost pitch poetic fires;  
In strains melodious let thy numbers roll,  
To speak that name, who heav'n with praise  
inspires.

While others dare this heav'n-born art debase,  
And idols worship in its pleasing strains;  
Be thine, to sing the triumphs of that grace,  
Which fills with wonder yon celestial plains.

**O** sacred science, why polluted thus?  
'Tis sin, vile imp, presumptuous thus aspires  
To hide within thy courts its aweful curse,  
And on thine altar light unhallow'd fires.

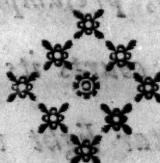
*Primeval*

Primeval glory to this noble art,  
 Be thine, my friend, exempl'ry to restore:  
 Religion, sacred science, themes impart,  
 More grand than DAPHNE's love, or wars of  
 yore.

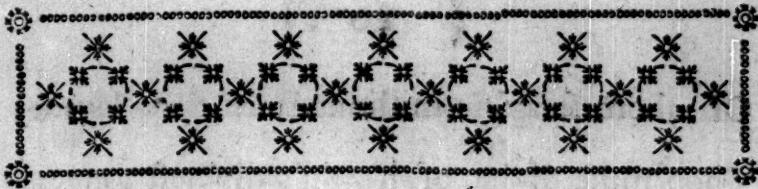
In JESUS' love ten thousand glories blaze,  
 Which fills each heav'n-born soul with sweet  
 delight;  
 For wonders roll on wonders, as we gaze,  
 'Till its bright beams o'erpow'r our feeble sight.

This pleasing theme, to thee of all most dear,  
 Thou hast begun to lisp, in sacred song:  
 Go on, enchant each mind, and list'ning ear,  
 With love of him, who fires each seraph's tongue.

W. T.



Abounding



## *Abounding Grace:*

A

P O E M.

**A**S one, when snatch'd from ruin's op'ning  
jaws,  
Back turns his eyes, with wonder over-  
whelm'd;  
Beholds with trembling joy the danger 'scap'd;  
And blesses the preserving hand, that fav'd:  
So I, late rescu'd from the snares of death,  
With startled admiration now review  
The horrid path too long presumptuous trod;  
That grace adore, that from perdition fav'd;  
And in these feeble strains its glories sing.  
Thee I invoke, celestial source of light,

B

Of

Of whom seraphic millions learn their lays.  
 Thou muse divine of heav'n's divinest song,  
 With kindling raptures this cold bosom fire,  
 And raise my numbers lofty as my theme.

Away, vain pleasures of my vainer hours,  
 To whose vile shrine the dastard knee I bent:  
 I yield obedience to your reign no more;  
 No more your vot'ry, now your pow'r disclaim,  
 Abjure allegiance, and again resume  
 A noble freedom from your sway tyrannic.  
 Happy resumption from a bondage base,  
 Where my poor captiv'd soul imprison'd lay,  
 In wretched vassalage of sordid sin!  
 Proud subjugating passions triumph'd o'er  
 My peace, and lorded it supreme;  
 And still had lorded it, had not JEHOVAH  
 Rended the fetters from my struggling soul,

And

And gave me back to liberty and life.  
 On pleasure's flow'ry bank how long I loll'd,  
 Nor round the rose beheld the viper twin'd!  
 Of danger reckles, safety, comfort, peace!  
 To hazard dire expos'd, for one vain sip  
 Of sensual joy, where guilt and poison blend!  
 To gain a pittance poor of poorer still! —  
 Of what? Of pleasure? Vain the name; flagi-  
 tious,  
 Impious, the pander of my ev'ry sin.  
 On that tremendous rock what millions split!  
 Where black perdition lurks in blandish'd guise,  
 And sings her *Syren* charms, the lure of death,  
 More direful far than those *Peloris* knew,  
 The dread and terror of LAERTES' son! \*

B 2

O!

\* ULYSSES; who, when trembling at the danger he was exposed to from the *Syrens*, that infested the promontory *Peloris*, in *Sicily*, stopped the ears of his companions with wax, and bound himself to the mast of the ship.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

O! how my little bark impetuous drove,  
 O'er rocks, and shoals, and horrid gulphs, than  
     *Scylla,*  
 Or *Charybdis*, far more dire, by raging  
 Appetites impell'd! toss'd here and there, as  
 Restless passions blew, and heedless of the  
 Roar of ambient storms, tho' oft their sport, their  
 Pastime! whirl'd from surge to surge of life's  
     *bestorm'd,*  
 Wide, ample ocean, unappall'd, and deaf  
 To peals of thunder bursting o'er my head!  
 Onward I urg'd my rapid keel, presumptuous,  
 Tho' death's dark eddies swallow'd thousands up,  
 Who braver bore the buffets of the waves,  
 And sturdier far to steer the helm than me.  
 O'er the wild scene grim death triumphant  
     *vaunts;*  
 With recent slaughters ev'ry hour is stain'd;  
 And death-bed groans, and parting knells return,  
 With ev'ry morn. I view'd the rueful havock  
 Round, yet star'd unmov'd. Tho' round my ears  
     *the*  
     *Hissing*

Hissing darts flew thick, my obdurate heart  
 Unpierc'd remain'd; 'till at my fide, beneath  
 My eye, transfix'd, **AMANDA** fell. — Alas!  
 The young **AMANDA**, hapless victim, fell,  
 In life's gay blossoms, in the hour of bloom;  
 When all the springs of life, in vig'rous flow,  
 Rose high, and hope, fond hope, had number'd  
 On years to come, with joys replete. — How  
 How greedily our pamper'd hopes on gross  
 Delusions feed! We seek to gather joys,  
 Where mif'ry's rankest weeds perpetual grow.  
 Sour disappointment ev'ry eve attends,  
 And strips to nakedness our beggar'd hopes;  
 And yet *to-morrow* plumes them all anew.  
 How oft on that vain base of future joys  
 Presumptuously we build! How oft we fall!  
 Our *Babel* tumbles headlong o'er our heads,  
 And, **SAMPSON** like, that ruin is our own.

Did

Did not AMANDA think to-morrow her's?

She did: New pleasures hid the point it bore.  
She lean'd upon't; but oh! it stabb'd her heart.  
Alas! poor maid! her tomb did not expect her.  
That fatal hour, to poor AMANDA's eyes,  
How far remote! Almost beyond her ken.  
But, oh! the rude invader bursted wide  
Her guardless doors, when most secure she  
Frown'd fierce and ghastly at the shiv'ring maid;  
Then thro' her vitals hurl'd the fatal shaft.  
She fell, she groan'd, and sigh'd her soul away.  
The parting groan bounds on my heedless ear.  
I started at the sound; ('twas big with death;)  
Around my eye in wild distraction roll'd;  
When, lo! I saw AMANDA gasping lie.  
My heart recoil'd; my shiv'ring blood crept  
A transient pang shot thro' my iron heart;  
And down my shameless cheek a bashful tear.

### Ashamed

Ashamed stole, which soon my blushing dry'd.  
The world a moment roll'd unheeded by;  
And down the tasteless bowl of pleasure dropp'd.  
But, ah! how short the good my soul posses'd!  
The tomb receiv'd AMANDA from my sight;  
And, with AMANDA, all my fears: † And to  
My folly back the next gay phantom gave me;  
Of vile, more vile, in deeper guilt immers'd.

Thou pow'r, whose hand the bolted thunder  
wields,  
What held thy vengeance from a worm so vile,  
While thy grim messenger, with vengeful sweep,  
Sends thousands daily to their endless doom?

1

+ Though much alarmed, while gazing on the gasping remnant of poor AMANDA; yet these impressions were exceeding transient. They vanished like the morning cloud, and the early dew. For, when my eyes no longer beheld the piercing sight, my memory resigned her remembrance also.

A doom — Tremendous thought! — of what?  
 Horror  
 Turns blacker at the view. An horrible  
 Gradation, down, from step to step of deep'ning  
 Mis'ry, they descend. Eternity, the  
 Lash from woe to woe, adown the dreary  
 Dungeon as they sink, rings loud the knell of  
 Hope departed, never more to come; while  
 Conscience, with her thousand scorpions, arm'd  
 with  
 Keen reproach, with dire erosion, fierce their  
 Vitals gnaws; torments more sharp, acuter  
 Anguish far, than stories fable of DEUCALION'S  
 Sire, † whose ceaseless groans *Caucasus* loud re-  
 sounds.  
 How dire a doom! and, O! how surely mine,  
 Had justice claim'd her own! For oft to strike,  
 Alas! the arm of vengeance I provok'd.  
 But vengeance slept; the ling'ring wrath was  
 slow:  
 Victorious grace had triumph'd o'er its frown.

O  
 † The story of PROMETHEUS.

O thou celestial parent of my hope,  
 On whom my comfort builds her stable base;  
 Whom heaven's first-born hapless sons ne'er  
     knew;  
 The brightest cherub of yon flaming throng,  
 Whose loud hosannas rend the starry arch,  
 No strains can utter equal to thy praise.  
 The loudest burst of heav'n's exulting throng  
 Is faint and languid, to the praise I owe.  
 Ye owe to love; but mine to grace is due;  
 But, oh! the debt immense can never pay,  
 Nor equal love for love, like you, return.  
 O! can ye know, ye never-clouded stars,  
 The dismal gloom of sin's benighted slaves,  
 Where ten-fold darkness universal reigns;  
 Or feel the raptures of the glowing soul,  
 That's snatch'd from hell to heav'n's resplendent  
     day?  
 Can ye, first form'd in perfect happiness,  
 And ever quaffing from the fount of bliss,

Conceive the burning transports of the ransom'd  
 Saint, from mis'ry's deepest dungeon rapt to  
 Endless joy; of guilt the pond'rous load re-  
     mov'd;  
 And death-doom'd souls to more than life re-  
     stor'd?

Here then, my song, to matchless grace begin;  
 Whose end not ev'n eternity shall know.

From nature's wreck, where my eternal all  
 Among the ruins lay, itself in ruins  
 Sad, of mortal aid beyond the power;  
 And, o'er perdition's gulph, a feeble thread  
 Suspended by; thy pitying hand held forth  
 The profer'd aid, unwoo'd, unsought by me;  
 And sav'd my sinking portion from the wreck,  
 Amazing mercy to a wretch so vile;  
 Whose ev'ry moment teem'd with countless  
     crimes,  
 And wrath eternal ev'ry sin had earn'd!

What

What a dread picture to my startled view  
 Remorse pourtray'd, (where countless hours in  
     <sup>death</sup>  
 Assassinated groan'd,) when, shiv'ring o'er  
 AMANDA's fate, th' obdurate tear insulting  
 Smote her pallid corse! But now no more  
     <sup>AMANDA's</sup>  
 Image on my fancy dwelt terrific.  
 Grim death had sheath'd again the murd'ring  
     <sup>point,,</sup>  
 And hid his ghastly visage from my eye.  
 Another victim, to his arm devoted,  
 From my sight had call'd him. The distant toll  
 Assail'd my ear in vain: For now my hopes,  
 High flush'd and florid, spread their wanton sails,  
 And launch'd again into the roaring tide  
 Of sensual joy; tho' ev'ry day new wrecks  
 The baleful ocean strew'd, and warn'd me to  
 Return. How did they roam o'er long, long years  
 Of pleasures yet in store, by sharp reflection's  
 Poinrant spear unstung! building airy domes

On fond longevity's presumptuous base!  
 How dwindled my mortality away!  
 Health, youth, and strength, heav'n's prostituted  
     good,  
 Turn'd sycophants to my deluded soul,  
 And told me, death's proud arm to *me* was im-  
     potent.  
 Gay *twenty* laugh'd at his dread spear, and  
     mock'd  
 His never-conquer'd pow'r. But yet a transient  
 Mirth, with sad reprisal, paid: For oft, when,  
 Rang'd in proud array, the gay battalions  
 Of my future joys were travers'd o'er by  
 My proud boastful eye, a gloomy thought,  
     emerging  
 From the tomb, with woeful cypress crowned,  
 Like a noxious blast, that spreads its blighting  
 Influence o'er the vernal bloom, pervaded  
 The gay files; snatch'd the false plumage from  
     my  
 Gaudy joys; and left a bleeding track of  
 Murder'd vanities, whom fond enjoyment  
 Never grasp'd. — Thus often terror scar'd me,

And

And made a moment's depredation on  
 My hopes. The dastards knew reflection was  
 Their bane, and sneak'd before her frown: Yet,  
swift  
 As darting meteors thro' autumnal skies,  
 Again the fugitive would disappear.  
 So smother'd flames, by liquid pow'r repell'd,  
 O'erwhelm'd, extinguish'd, seem expir'd.  
 Awhile the dwindling embers sleeping lie;  
 Until anon, rekindling, forth they burst,  
 And rage more fierce, and more impetuous burn.

Thus beat from side to side, in folly's maze;  
 Grasping at pleasures; mock'd at ev'ry grasp:  
 Desires perpetual raging; disappointment  
 All their food: Now down the steep of vice, with  
 Swift career, like Sol's proud frantic son, the  
 Slacken'd rein pursuing; and now, like *Nike*'s  
 Presumptuous king, my giddy car unwheel'd,

And

And all my hosts of joys absorb'd and whelm'd,  
 In deep reflection lost. Pamper'd and proud,  
 With ev'ry false endearment deck'd, now pleasures  
 Flirted in my sight, and woo'd to their embrace:  
 Possess'd, their magic beauties disappear'd,  
 And vanish'd into air. A ghastly group  
 Of haggard sprights start from the gaudy masks,  
 Laugh at my hopes, and hiss my folly, as  
 They fly. So oft the female vot'ries of  
 The *Paphian* queen, when shrivel'd age creeps  
 O'er their fading charms, amid proud pleasure's  
 Train, in painted beauty shine delusive;  
 'Till riot steals th' evanid blush, and leaves  
 The pallid hags detested and deform'd.

O ! the vile drudgery of SATAN's slaves !  
 What toil, what ardour deathless souls exert,  
 To drink eternal disappointment's dregs,

And

And be the butt of her insulting sport!

How was I whirl'd, from day to day, on gay  
 Delusion's fickle wheel; while from her seat  
 My torpid reason agile passions scourg'd!  
 Tho' oft, when rouz'd by disappointed hope's  
 Rebuke, my *Morphean* heav'n's illusive charms  
 Expir'd; with erubescence cheek, from virtue's  
 Path, in aberration wild, my giddy  
 Foot I found. Again the monitor within  
 My breast, (tho' oft insulted with repulse,)  
 With ardent invocation, woo'd me to  
 Return. My wishful eyes turn'd back, and view'd  
 The paths of virtue, ever blooming fair;  
 Where endless sun-shine blest the tranquil scene,  
 And stable joys, eternal springing, grew.  
 Religion shew'd her never-fading charms,  
 And points to heav'n, the seat of bateless bliss;

Where

Where everlasting sweets unwith'ring bloom,  
 To which my gay *Elysian* dreams a wild  
 And desolated wilderness appear'd.

The path she pointed to the gates of light,  
 A path *uncrowded* and *unthrong'd*. Alas!  
 How few were posting to the happy fields,  
 Where bliss arises in ten thousand springs,  
 And weary pilgrims find eternal rest!

O! how I panted for the peaceful shore!  
 A moment, rapt on contemplation's wing,  
 (Tho' treach'rous soon, like poor ICARUS',  
 Half of my wishes grasp'd at heav'n's bright  
 gems; The other funk, and grovel'd in the dust.  
 Intent, with *ardour*, to pursue the track,  
 That leads to heav'n's bright, blooming, blissful  
 fields;  
 Yet sure, my gloomy, lonely step to cheer,  
 Thro' sad religion's *unfrequented* path,

One sip of pleasure's bowl may be allow'd:  
 Or haply, *cloy'd* by earth's insipid trash,  
 To-morrow, or to-morrow's morrow, I'd  
 Return, and give devotion *all* her due,  
 Thus I resolv'd. ——

Ambition saw my partial bosom's choice,  
 Stepp'd forth, and blew her trumpet in my ear,  
 And shook her baubles in my dazzled eye.  
 I turn'd obedient to the pompous call,  
 And view'd the trappings of her sumptuous  
     train,  
 In high-plum'd pageantry sublimely gay.  
 No more of heav'n: I left the gloomy path,  
 And yielded to ambition all my heart.

My rural pastimes now no pow'r could boast  
 To glad or cheer; nor darling, fav'rite haunt  
 Of grove or vale, where oft (tho' folly was

My theme) the muse has led my wand'ring feet.  
But now from murmur'ring *Tone's* translucent  
streams,  
And flow'ry banks, my haughty step I turn'd  
T'wards silver *Thames*, 'midst gilded turrets roll-  
ing;  
And in an unauspicious hour arriv'd.

Here denuded vice triumphant reigns,  
The lordly sov'reign of *Augusta's* walls.  
Here nugatory crouds, to folly's dulcet  
Voice, in heedless clamour, dance disportful  
Antics, on the gloomy verge of time's remotest  
Hour; nor mark'd the groaning shoals, that dis-  
sipation  
Hurl'd o'er death's pale battlements, to dreary  
Shades of ever-dark'ning gloom, where joy,  
sport,  
Pastime ever cease to be. Here hoary  
Babes blind revels keep, in death's dim outlet;  
Mistake their setting for their rising sun;  
Dance, in their shrouds, around their op'ning  
graves;  
And

And with their cradle-baubles grace their tombs.

Here wretched souls, in pleasure's borrow'd garb,

And tinsel'd foppery, strut their little day;

Parade and bluster, in a splendid plume;

Yet miserable, naked, blind, and poor;

Life all the rampart from extremest woe,

Whose firmest base the feeblest strife defies.

A thousand follies, in a thousand forms,

With ceaseless toil here gameful mortals chase;

Yet phantom joys elude their fleetest speed,

And mock their ardour, with reproach and scorn.

Here cringing meanness stoops to servile arts;

And bouncing pride and pomp vocif'rous bawl.

Here proud *Voluptas* \* rears her silken throne.

Tho' round her shrine immortal victims bleed,

And devastation ever marks her sway:

D 2

Yet

\* Pleasure.

Yet votive crouds still pay their vile devoirs;  
 Perdition's foul deformities embrace;  
 And woo the *Gorgon*, in her blackest frowns.

Alas! where human dignity is sunk!  
 What wretched caskets of immortal gems,  
 The hapless men to sordid sense a prey;  
 Who spurn, who trample on eternal hopes,  
 As immortality were not their claim!

Here the gay, flutt'ring beings of a day,  
 Ne'er taught to soar beyond life's scanty bounds,  
 Their wingless hopes, like mine, by sense un-  
fledg'd,  
 Dar'd never to explore the viewleſs realms,  
 Beyond the lunar and the solar spheres;  
 Or downward, thro' the tomb's dark antre, to  
 The realms of dole, e'er turn'd th' affrighted eye.  
 Tremendous! ghastly! bane to ev'ry joy!

Chimeras

Chimeras all; their utmost scorn extort.  
 Grim death's a phantom, and the grave a dream.  
 A dream, to sporters gay, portentive oft  
 Of fate severe, which daftard fears pourtray,  
 When vigil conscience, in an hour unwatch'd,  
 Thrills thro' † the else invulnerable heart;  
 Sad prelibation of a fadder doom!  
 Unthrones their joys, their funny bliss obscures,  
 Tho' deem'd invincible, now feeble prov'd,  
 The yielding vassals of reflection's breath.

My rolling eye the mimic joy survey'd,  
 That shone deceitful from each beggar'd face,

And

† However brave the champions of vice may seem, while amidst the *Bacchanalian* revel, or in the guilty recesses of the bagnio; however they may call death a bug-bear, and hell a dream; yet I am perswaded, that there are some intervals of reflection to the most abandoned, when heaven an hell, death and judgment, break in upon their trembling souls, and give them at least a moment's anxiety.

And more than beggar'd the penurious heart;  
 Survey'd with pleasure; long'd to join the train.  
 My bounding heart impell'd my willing feet:  
 I rush'd impetuous 'midst the thoughtless crew,  
 To seek an airy gem I never found.

At ev'ry flatt'ring form I fondly grasp'd;  
 But ev'ry flatt'ring form eludes my grasp.  
 Each coming hour the barren past reprov'd;  
 And all was phantasy, delusion all.  
 Quaff'd deep and eager of the guilty bowl;  
 And now, inebriate, reel'd from vice to vice,  
 Where passion prompted, or where lust impell'd;  
 For ever deaf to reason's potent voice,  
 Who urg'd in vain her slighted suit disdain'd,  
 'Till, with reiterated scorn repuls'd,  
 Th' insulted pow'r abandon'd my poor heart.

Alas!

Alas! how low in mis'ry now I funk!  
 No shatter'd bark by roaring tempests toss'd,  
 That reels and staggers o'er the foaming deep,  
 When pitchy clouds o'ercast the guiding pole,  
 To swifter ruin blindlier drove than me.  
 I waded thro' the deepest plunge of vice,  
 My poor immortal smear'd with foulest stains;  
 Dimm'd heav'n's bright lamp in hell's infernal  
shades;  
 And mark'd with horror ev'ry guilty hour.  
 And where, where had I funk, my choice pur-  
fu'd?  
 From heav'n's blest day a wretched outcast,  
hurl'd  
 To nether shades of *Stygian*, total gloom;  
 With deeper stains, and blacker guilt, defil'd,  
 Than hell's eternal furnace e'er had purg'd.

What ocean's stores could wash this filthy  
soul?  
 Alas! these orbs ten thousand seas would weep  
 In vain. None, none, but those blest streams,  
that from  
The

The vitals flow'd of Calv'ry's bleeding GOD,  
 A fin-polluted, guilty wretch can cleanse,  
 And save him from the burning bolts of wrath,

What hope, but this, could prop my sinking  
 When back my wounded eyes return on those  
 Black hours of guilty vanity elap'd?  
 How grim their aspect! Cloath'd with horror  
 MEDUSA's scorpions here were smiling charms.  
 How deep the daggers stab, at ev'ry view!  
 A thousand too their number, sharp and keen,  
 That rive, with havock drear, my bleeding peace!  
 Tremendous retrospect! dark, horrible,  
 And dire! — How hideously the spectres yell!  
 Pale, ghastly terror binds their livid brows;  
 And ev'ry frown thrills horror thro' my heart.  
 See, see, my soul, the fruit of fin's gay bloom;  
 And from its boasted pleasures gather gall.

How

How fair the blossoms of the wormwood  
seem'd ?  
I pluck'd of joy and peace the bitter bane;  
And on my taste how nauseous still they hang !

Shame, grief, and anguish mark my burning  
cheek,  
To trace again those vile flagitious scenes,  
When, reprobated quite by all remorse,  
Her pointless poniard stabb'd in vain, and for  
My faith too feeble found her strongest plea.

O ye curst avenues to death and woe,  
Your direful steep how far I ventur'd down !  
My fellow-trav'lers in the guilty road  
Return'd no more; but in the dungeon plung'd.

Poor LUCIAS, § take the tribute of a tear.

E

Could

§ LUCIAS was my inseparable companion, in almost  
every guilty step I trod, on this stage of abomination.  
But,

Could tears restore thee, all my store were thine.

Hapless youth! The dark abyss thou hast ex-  
plor'd;  
But thought thy fate can never dare to view.

O'erwhelming thought! And thine why not my  
own?  
Unfathom'd love! discriminating grace!

In wonder 'wilder'd, all my soul is lost.

His choice was mine, in folly's wildest starts.  
How oft our feet, with crim'rous ardour, trod  
Those domes  $\ddagger$  of vice, with vot'ries ever  
throng'd,  
Where

But, soon after I left *London*, *LUCIAS* fell a victim to the ravages of a devouring consumption. His emaciated body became the prey of worms, and his naked soul launched into eternity, to appear before his tremendous Judge. How unfathomable the love! *LUCIAS* is cut off, but I am spared; though, as to desert, both upon equal terms. Never let my heart cease to adore it; never let my tongue cease to magnify it; never let my songs forbear to praise it.

$\ddagger$  It might, perhaps, by the lovers of theatrical entertainments, be thought, that the following lines look with

Where mimic sorrow whines her unfelt woes,  
And empty plaudits shake the laughing scenes!

Here are the tombs of countless moments  
With impious hands, what thousands I interr'd!  
Their injur'd manes haunt my comfort still.

E 2

Detested

with an unfavourable aspect on the stage. It is granted. But be it remembered, that whatsoever has been injurious to me, I have a right to condemn. The rock, that has endangered my safety, will it not look like benevolence, or is it not at least my duty, to admonish others to avoid? The effects, that it has had on me, are such as are above described. I have tasted the venom, and felt its noxious influence. Therefore it is not that I have been nursed in prejudices against it; for I once possessed an immoderate desire for its pleasures, which I indulged even to excess; and my highest ambition was, to have devoted to its service all that I possessed. But, through the riches of divine grace, what in this respect I counted gain, I now account but loss, for CHRIST: And I now see it, that (however it might be pretended to mend the morals, and refine the taste,) that is calculated to deprave the one, and vitiate the other; and (in whatever fair and alluring blandishments it might be disguised) to lead immortal souls, through flowery and downy paths, to everlasting destruction.

Detested scene! the foulest nest of vice!  
 Here wretches learn perdition's nearest road:  
 Here taught of villainy the various wiles;  
 Self-slaughter, rapine, murder, and debauch;  
 And all th' infernal spawn hell's womb emits,  
 To spread contagion o'er corrupted hearts,  
 And to the vicious blandish ev'ry vice.  
 Here smiling ruin spews her blackest bane.  
 I drank the poison; thirsted, while I drank;  
 And ev'ry potion edg'd my strong desire:  
 And now infatiate grew. The venom o'er  
 My soul diffus'd. I long'd for ruin; panted  
 For perdition. Each hour, each blessed hour,  
 Could ravish from the scanty few by heav'n  
 Allow'd, on this infernal altar flam'd;  
 And all those pow'r's benignant heav'n bestow'd,  
 (Tho' small their total, his free bounty gave,)  
 With impious zeal, I offer'd to this shrine.

All-pitying

All-pitying heav'n beheld my wretched plight,  
 How prodigal I lavish'd all his gifts;  
 Dragg'd me reluctant from the shocking scene,  
 With fighing heart to leave this land of ruin.  
 With eyes reflexed, like the hapless dame  
 On *Sodom's* sulph'rous plains, my heart recanted,  
 While my feet obey'd, and bid me back return.

And now again, amid the rural seat  
 Of sylvan pleasures, in the woods and groves,  
 The novel pastimes of the rustic scene  
 My drooping heart recheer'd; and oft I rov'd,  
 Where cogitation led my fullen step,  
 To seek the muse amid the ev'ning shade,  
 When weeping clouds distil the rorid show'rs,  
 And *Philomela* cheers the russet hour,  
 With warbled raptures to the midnight gloom.

Here

Here still th' illusive bubble \* I purs'd,  
 And found my toil with disappointment paid;  
 The restless longings of my panting soul  
 On nought, but shadowy vanity, to feed:  
 Tho', sighing, oft amid the frantic chase  
 I paus'd, and to my mis'ry dropp'd th' involun-  
tary  
 Fear; how justly due, alas! I now behold.

Such was the season, when MERCENUS fell.  
 Tremendous fight! Unchill'd with horror, who  
 Can now review? Wretched, poor MERCENUS!  
 Thy soul's immortal. I deplore thy fall;  
 For, oh! how dim thy setting sun declin'd!  
 Unenvy'd exit from a boist'rous scene!  
 I saw the ghastly king behind thee creep;  
 Wrest from thy grasping hand thy much-lov'd  
earth;  
 String the dire bow, and aim the fatal shaft,  
Which,

\* Pleasure.

Rapid,

Rapid, MERCENUS drove amid the gulph:  
And, O! on ruin may he not be wreck'd!

What heart unmov'd the shocking scene could  
view?  
A bleeding victim, torn from ev'ry hope;  
In direful grapple with resistless pow'r;  
And weeping o'er a disappearing world,  
Where all his riches dwelt, his own no more!  
Cold, chilly horror damp'd my soul. I wept,  
And after poor MERCENUS sent a sigh;  
O'er the black ocean ey'd his tott'ring bark;  
But cloud and storm the gloomy coast involv'd.  
I turn'd my eye, nor on it dar'd to gaze;  
When loud the thund'ring peal my ear assail'd.  
“ No immortality hast *thou* to boast:  
“ The coast MERCENUS steers is surely thine.”  
How dark a midnight o'er my prospects hung!  
The solemn truth my conscious heart confess'd.

I read my own in sad MERCENUS' fate,  
And trembled at the view so scorn'd before.

The moments now, erewhile so gayly boon,  
In heavy languor unenjoy'd recede;  
And ev'ry sip of earth more tasteless grew.

Thus aweful preach'd MERCENUS' parting  
knell;  
But, when to silence hush'd, it charm'd no more.

I sigh'd no more for him so late my woe;  
But, with his corse, his mem'ry too interr'd.  
Remorse in vain my stubborn heart assail'd:  
From ev'ry scourge unchang'd it still remain'd.

\* The evening of Sunday the 7th of November; when

Is still a balm to my desponding soul.

EUSEBIUS' † tongue the dullest ear might  
charm,  
And rouse the sluggard from the sleep of death.

His glowing heart what zeal, what ardour  
warms,  
To spread around his gracious LORD's do-  
mains,  
And from perdition win immortal souls!

To that blest place, by heav'n's direction sent,

Where oft EUSEBIUS, from the sacred tome,

Proclaims salvation to apostate man,

I went, by empty speculation urg'd,

To feed my pride, or fill a vacant hour,

In scornful cavil on the preacher's word.

Heav'n guided from his hand the pointed shaft,

That

I heard that sermon, which I trust was the means, that infinite love had appointed, to bring back my prodigal feet from destruction. PSALM iv. 4.

† The Rev. Mr. D——; who I trust was my father in CHRIST.

That with conviction pierc'd my iron heart,  
 Rung the loud larum in my stupid ear;  
 And to my mis'ry turn'd my startled eye.  
 Ghastly prospect! Too well I now beheld  
 The shocking sight, before so oft disdain'd;  
 Myself a poor, lost wretch, condemn'd, accurst,  
 The righteous mark of heav'n's vindictive wrath;  
 And all of mis'ry, that a hell inflicts,  
 Uncontroverted now my just desert.

What troops of crimes, in scorpion fury arm'd,  
 With anguish keen, my wounded heart transfix;  
 And thousands swell, at ev'ry view, the sum!  
 No hour in all my wretched life elaps'd,  
 With sin unblended, or with guilt unstain'd.  
 The debt of ev'ry breach of heav'n's pure law,  
 I saw the wealth of worlds too poor to pay.  
 While loud the thund'ring peals of *Sinai* roar,

O'erwhelming vengeance to apostate man,  
 To her insulted rights a tribute due;  
 Dire extremity! for safety, shelter,  
 Refuge, whither could I flee? On this side,  
 Just heav'n, in terrors, pour'd its fiery wrath.—  
 A GOD incens'd! a violated LAW!  
 Tremendous! Angels sunk beneath the shock.  
 On that, no lying plea t' evade the charge.  
 My heart, black chronicle of ev'ry sin,  
 With accusation loud, myself condemn'd.  
 Ruin yawn'd around. — Where to fix; or what  
 Recourse? On this, or that, 'tis equal woe.  
 To fly heav'n's frown, how vain the hope!  
 Nor earth, nor hell, a shelter could afford.  
 To still the clamours of provok'd remorse,  
 Were burd'ning still with heavier guilt my doom.  
 Beside, 'twere vain: Arousf'd, it furious rag'd;  
 And all the charms of sense assay'd in vain

To still its clamours, or its pow'r to curb.

To all, but comfort, now I fell a prey.

Grief, horror, anguish, horrid group!

Pour'd all their rage on my defenceless head.

Despair, at distance, shook his snaky scourge,

And frown'd, with gloomy menace, at me too:

And, oh! unpropp'd by mercy's pitying hand,

An hopeless victim to his pow'r I'd sunk.

What could it less; a rebel, guilty wretch,

Arraign'd at heav'n's dread bar, and self-accus'd;

Th' impartial witness heav'n's impartial judge,

Whose all-encircling, all-pervading eye,

At one stupendous and unerring view,

Beholds the long black list of all my sins?

From grief to grief, in sorrow's black abyss,

My soul descended to increasing woe;

Unblest, unvisited of saving hope;

Save,

Save, now and then, a feeble, glimm'ring ray,<sup>T</sup>  
 Darted (by heav'n transmitted) thro' the gloom.  
 In gushing streams my grief incessant pour'd.  
 The briny torrent delug'd o'er my cheek.<sup>no</sup>  
 I wail'd my mis'ry, wail'd my hapless fate,<sup>soft</sup>  
 In lamentations bitter as my woe.

LUCINDA \* saw my perturbated breast,  
 And gaz'd with wonder on my tearful eye.<sup>baA</sup>  
 Her heart exulted, in the blessed hour;<sup>ecd A</sup>  
 An hour responsive to her ardent pray'r.<sup>dw</sup>

Long had we each the silken chain embrac'd;  
 And heart with heart, and soul with soul con-  
     join'd.  
 Eternal love, with votive fetters bound,<sup>ba</sup>  
 Had link'd the fast, indissoluble tye;

Tho'

\* Since my wife; who was instrumental, in this sea-  
 son of distress, in affording me much comfort and direc-  
 tion.

Tho' envy often, with malignant aim,  
Had strew'd the downy hours with rugged thorns,  
And meanly tore us from each other's arms,  
Like kindred streams by some rude rock dis-  
join'd ;  
And soon, like them, with ardour re-embrac'd.

LUCINDA's heart had felt the quick'ning  
Of heav'n's resistless, renovating grace.  
A pious parent, now in bliss secure,  
Had charg'd LUCINDA to pursue the way.  
Heav'n bleff'd the means to rouse her sleepy soul,  
As from this land of sin the matron flew,  
And upward turn'd her dust-enamour'd eye.

How oft her anxious bosom sigh'd to see  
In ruin's paths my feet incautious tread!  
Oft heav'n for me invok'd with fervent cries,  
And now with transport view'd the unhop'd  
hour!  
O'er



"Till sleep at last my tumid eye-lids clof'd.

Returning morn returning griefs renew'd.

I wak'd, but wak'd to sorrows, how severe!

With heavy heart, my streaming couch forsook;

And strove again to lift my thoughts to heav'n:

But steely yet my hard, obdurate heart,

And cold and frigid as *Siberian* snow;

"Till heav'n, in pity, fann'd the dying spark,

And taught my palsy'd lips their first devoir.

I lisپd the first faint tribute of my tongue,

Or sigh'd, in naked groans, my soul's desire.

Heav'n listen'd to the cries he first inspir'd;

And, *that* bestow'd, he bid me first implore.

Now, eas'd of half its load, my doubtful soul,

In strains half-utter'd, pour'd the languid praise:

But cloud and darkness still my path involv'd,

And all uncertain, all precarious made.

No bleeding SAVIOUR yet display'd his  
 wounds,  
 And shew'd that blood, that could my debt  
 discharge.  
 I sought no better robe to hide my shame,  
 Than those vile rags I patch'd from day to day,  
 With sin all tarnish'd, and with guilt defil'd.  
 For now, alas! I felt the fatal bane  
 Of that foul fount, that first in *Eden* rose,  
 Primeval source of all my guilt and woe;  
 Which flows, with emanation black, from heart  
 to heart,  
 Thro' all th' innumerable hapless race.  
 O'er all my soul its venom'd pow'r extended;  
 And ev'ry thought, that from my heart emerg'd,  
 Rose foul and filthy from its poiſ'noſ streams.

I wept and pray'd, and pray'd and wept again;  
 And lean'd for safety on the feeble prop.  
 But, oh! my tott'ring hopes no basis found:

Delusive

Delusive oft the feeble succour prov'd,  
 And warn'd me not for comfort there to build.  
 At length, when ev'ry sinking refuge fail'd,  
 Like day's bright monarch issuing from a cloud,  
 The SUN of righteousness, with beams benign,  
 And balm and healing on his shelt'ring wings,  
 All radiant rose on my benighted soul,  
 And chaf'd my gloom, and bid my sorrows fly.  
 A bleeding SAVIOUR now, on Calv'ry's steep,  
 My ravish'd eyes, with weeping transport,  
 view'd;  
 With human guilt (a pond'rous load) sur-  
 charg'd;  
 Paying with one blest deed the debt immense,  
 That myriads purchas'd from eternal woe;  
 And utt'ring, with triumphant voice, " 'Tis  
 FINISH'D. "  
 FINISH'D to heav'n's pure law obedience due;  
 That righteousness, my naked soul to cloath,  
 To shield and save from wrath's severest shock;  
 And FINISH'D that, which bought my soul from  
 hell.

I gaz'd astonish'd on the wond'rous sight;  
But dar'd not yet but trembling stand aloof:  
When soft the heav'nly music charm'd my ear.  
“ Approach, ye undeserving, empty souls;  
“ By you unpurchas'd, drink the living streams;  
“ And from a SAVIOUR free salvation take.”  
With joy, with transport, I his feet embrac'd,  
And life from other hands, but his, disclaim'd;  
My soul, my all unto his care consign'd,  
And on his *merits* built for endless joy.

With exultation, now my bounding heart  
Sung grace triumphant o'er abounding sin.  
Peace, joy, and rapture now a moment blaz'd,  
And heav'nly radiance o'er my soul diffus'd;  
How soon, alas! with gloom and cloud be-  
I gaz'd around; but sigh'd, at ev'ry view:  
And grief, 'till now unknown, transfix'd my  
From

From death redeem'd, my rescu'd soul I sung;  
 But mourn'd, in SATAN's chains, my hapless  
     friends;  
 My hapless friends, the sad co-partners of  
 My sin, in tenfold darkness bound secure;  
 Secure of danger, o'er a burning sea,  
 Whose waves, loud roaring, threaten'd to o'er-  
     whelm  
 In that abyss, where uncontroul'd despair,  
 And dole ineffable eternal reign.

'Twas grief, sharp grief, to all, but me, un-  
     known,  
 To burst those ties, tho' sin had knit the bands,  
 And leave the fellows of my guilty hours,  
 In love with death, and zealous for perdition.  
 Soft, sympathetic pity pierc'd my heart;  
 But all my pity back, with scorn, return'd.

But MYRON † chief, above the rest, I wail'd;

MYRON,

† MYRON was the companion and intimate of my ear-  
     liest

MYRON, the partner of my infant days,  
 And partner too in folly's vicious road.  
 Unhappy youth! Like me, had reckless rang'd,  
 From sin to sin, and scorn'd the dire result.  
 Tho' oft reprov'd, his neck was stubborn still;  
 Stubborn to good, tho' tractable to ill:  
 Of ev'ry vice the vassal'd vot'ry fworn,

And

liest days. Though soon, by the disposing hand of providence, separated from each other; we wandered in the same guilty maze of vanity and folly. We returned into the country soon after each other; and were still the abettors of one another's sins. But, O! how unexampled the grace! Within the compass of one month, we were fast bound in the bonds of iniquity, and linked in the indissoluble bonds of the gospel. Nearly at the same time, in the same place, and by the instrumentality of the same minister, we hope we were made the monuments of distinguishing grace. How astonishing the love! We, whose feet, with voluntary speed, were treading the paths of destruction, and might have been miserable companions in unutterable torments, and never-ending despair, hope now, through infinite compassion, and everlasting, unchangeable love, to embrace in yonder celestial habitation of bliss and glory, and join in the eternal ascriptions of salvation to our GOD, which fitteth upon the throne, and to the LAMB, for ever and ever.

And those careffing, that his death conspir'd.  
 Grief's pungent poniard stabb'd my aching  
     heart.  
 O'er MYRON's hapless state I dropp'd a tear:  
 But, O! above my hope, my fondest hope,  
 MYRON deplor'd a ruin'd nature too.  
 Heav'n pierc'd his heart, and heal'd the wound  
     he gave,  
 With blood effusing from a SAVIOUR's  
     wounds.  
 Unequal'd love! The grace how wond'rous  
     strange!  
 To snatch from ruin two in ruin leagu'd;  
 Make SATAN's champions monuments of  
     grace;  
 And link once friends in sin in gospel-bonds!

'Twas joy supreme, the bud of heav'nly bliss,  
 That friendship to renew, that tott'ring seem'd,  
 And permanent as everlasting made.

Time's gilded baubles now no more could  
     please:  
 To all its toys we turn'd the scornful eye,  
     'Twas

'Twas heav'n had call'd, and made our hearts  
t' obey ;  
And heav'n, with fervent speed, we now pursu'd ;  
Of hissing crouds unheedful, scoffing round,  
Who scorn'd our ardour, and our choice con-  
demn'd.  
Their strife (as empty as the senseless bark,  
That swells the clamour of the canine tribe,)  
Serv'd only to impel our tardy feet,  
When drooping languor chill'd our freezing  
souls.

How new, how strange now all things round  
appear'd !  
The favour'd souls, before our scorn, our hate,  
Were now confess'd the gems of glory's King;  
Admir'd, careif'd, as sons of noblest birth,  
Whose fire the GOD, whose hope the Joys of  
heav'n.  
With these, how blest the happy moments slid,  
Oft squander'd erst, in dissipation drown'd!  
Estrang'd 'till now to real joys, here found;  
Found only here, where JESUS is the theme.

And,

And, O! be that blest theme my endless song,  
 My song eternal, 'mid yon shouting throng,  
 When crumbling worlds to dust and atoms fall,  
 And time's revolving orb shall roll no more.

Where, on this, or that side, shall I turn;  
 By blazing wonders all encircled round;  
 Myself a wonder 'midst the wond'rous chain?  
 The horrid precipice, on which I stood,  
 How direful and tremendous now to view!  
 Yet once my joy to wanton on its brink.  
 Now view'd, pale horror smites my aching orbs;  
 Tho' from its horrors 'scap'd, terrific still:  
 By heav'nly pity's intervention sav'd;  
 And sav'd, when sinking; sav'd from ruin's  
     gulph;  
 Sav'd too, when spurning at the hand divine.  
 Compassion wonderful! My joy, my grief!  
 My joy, to share the blessings it bestows;

My grief, to wail an hard, ungrateful heart,  
 'Midst glaring miracles ungrateful still!  
 Forgetful of the hand, that bounty pours,  
 My treach'rous bosom often is inclin'd  
 To fide, rebellious, with my veriest foe.  
 Oft this my languid soul in gloom immerse,  
 And chearing hope's sweet, silver beams absorb;  
 Awhile absorb'd, and disembogu'd again.  
 So kind all-pitying heav'n supports me still,  
 That, tho' dark doubts the gloomy night be-  
cloud,  
 Sweet comfort's bloomy rays at morn return,  
 And tranquil joy's irradiating smile  
 Spreads heart-felt quiet o'er my cheerful soul:  
 Not such as that, when earth my wishes bound;  
 When wanton fancy tipp'd her wings with gold,  
 And shot a meteor-radiance thro' my breast,  
 That blaz'd this moment, and the next expir'd:  
 But joys sublime, on heav'nly ground matur'd,

And

And lasting as the regions, where they bloom;  
 Blest food of angels, heav'n's ambrosial feast,  
 Where grows desire eternal, as they feed.

But, O! should my vile taste, by dust-born joys  
 Deprav'd, forsake this fount of living streams,  
 To drink the stagnate, squalid dregs of time;  
 Or leave the bloom of those eternal hills,  
 Again to batten on earth's baneful weeds:

The thought how horrid! but the deed how dire!  
 Forbid it heav'n; nor let a doom like this,  
 With vengeance laden, crush this hapless head!  
 Better in bondage ever to remain,  
 Than, once with freedom blest, again enslave'd.

The rescu'd wretch, from dungeon-darkness  
     freed,  
 From stench unwholesome, and from vapours  
     foul,  
 Whose coarse-fed senses have again been cheer'd  
 With flow'ry verdage, and with od'rous gales,  
 When dragg'd again, by justice' rigid hand,

To former bondage, feels severer woe.

O'er this dark picture how I sighing por'd,  
And view'd the distant wreck of ev'ry hope;  
On wild temptation's boist'rous billows wreck'd,  
And cast again on what my soul abhors!

How long the gloomy track to yonder shore,  
Where rest eternal pays the pilgrim's toil,  
And spiteful foes, malignant, never rage!  
'Tis there to reach my panting pow'r aspire,  
And ev'ry wish expands its swelling sail.  
But o'er the ample gulph of time to cast  
The anxious eye, to that triumphant hour,  
When weary souls ascend the starry step,  
That leads them shouting to the shores of bliss:  
To view the road, with tribulation strew'd,  
And thick'ning perils all encircled round;

There

There wrapt in gloom, and there with dangers  
   throng'd ;  
 And oft the trav'lers, with impeded feet,  
 Deep plung'd amid the mire, that clogs the road :  
 While luring baits, in friendship's garb disguis'd,  
 Pretending kindness, spread on ev'ry side,  
 Again t' inveigle, and seduce me back :  
 Now woo'd, now jeer'd ; then scorn'd, and then  
   revil'd ;  
 And ev'ry study'd art incessant try'd,  
 To tear the pinions from my rising hope,  
 And cast me grov'ling in the dust again.  
 Nor these alone : Worse ills of worse assaults,  
 With poiſinous influence, blast my comfort's  
   bloom.  
 A thousand traitors haunt my wretched heart,  
 Within me nurſ'd, within my bosom hugg'd ;  
 Oft trait'rous to my peace, seductive oft,  
 To lead me devious from my Shepherd's care,  
 O'er sin's wild waste, to shades of guilty woe ;  
 Where the keen, pungent dagger of remorse,

With

With sharp sensation, stabs my suff'ring peace,  
And smooth tranquillity to storm disturbs.

A scene like this, dark, dangerous, and wild,  
No wonder, deep in gloom my soul immers'd.  
My visual rays, like NOAH's wand'ring dove,  
Travers'd the gloomy passage o'er and o'er;  
But found no refuge for their jaded beams.  
Uncertainty's outstretch'd, obscure abyss  
Absorb'd the hope of ev'ry future ken.

By nature's course, how many rolling suns  
Must speed their bright, diurnal journeys round,  
Till on my soul the SUN of glory beams;  
If on my soul it ever may arise!  
Perhaps, when half-way thro' this howling wild  
My weary feet, with painful step, have reach'd,  
My dastard heart may tire amid the way;

And,

And, after ev'ry pain and toil 'endur'd,  
May never reach the long-pursu'd repose.

Thus wail'd the gloomy sonnet of my fears;  
And teeming doubts increas'd the growing  
    <sup>gloom:</sup>  
'Till, sweeter far than pardon to the doom'd,  
Or to the captive freedom from his thrall,  
A voice divine thus charm'd my ravish'd ear.  
 " 'Till life's last hour, thy trembling step I'll  
    <sup>guide;</sup>  
" Nor, in thy silver age, † forsake thee then.  
 " 'Twas I first taught thy vital pow'rs to move;  
 " And still with motion fill the vivid springs:  
 " Nor thro' this desart shalt thou be forlorn,  
 " Tho' all around thee desolation lours;  
 " For countless ills shall countless succours find.  
 " My hand shall lead thee, and my pow'r uphold,  
 " Until thy soul her dusty clog forsake,

" And

† ISAIAH xlvi. 4.

" And ev'ry danger in thy tomb expire. "

Swift as the shades before the morn's bright eye,  
The lurid prospect vanish'd from my view:  
Smooth tranquil spread agian her placid wings,  
And cloudless peace and joy unrival'd reign'd.

By heav'n how aggrandiz'd the lapsed race,  
Restor'd by grace, to more than lost restor'd;  
Whose heads around th' eternal SIRE extends  
The all-protecting pinions, plum'd with love,  
Beneath whose shelter safety ever dwells!

How wond'rous back the wond'ring eye to  
Ere the bright worlds their destin'd rounds  
Or yon blue pavement sprent with astral beams,  
And view (astounding retrospect!) that flame,  
Within the bosom of creation's KING,  
Eternal glowing, ere the planets blaz'd!

Fix'd

Fix'd on desertless, fix'd on rebel hate;  
 And endless life the gift, where death is due!  
 Of deaths the worst, severe, ineffable,  
 By love ineffable for ever foil'd!  
 That love divine (my everlasting prop;  
 Amid the darkest gloom, a guiding ray;  
 When ev'ry refuge fails, a succour still;) .  
 First made this deathless spark obey his word,  
 And into being wake my embryo clay:  
 Then, from the spoils of nature's spreading  
 Tho' plung'd in central darkness, drew me forth;<sup>wreck,</sup>  
 When all imbu'd in foulest, filthiest stains,  
 Wash'd the deep tarnish, and illum'd my night.  
 Nor have my feeble steps abandon'd been,  
 From day to day, from night to night, upheld;  
 By pow'r divine upheld, th' eternal shield,  
 At which the bark of envy howls in vain;  
 In vain to injure, tho' it oft annoys:

I

For,

For, sav'd from ev'ry ill, from ev'ry snare,  
 (That prov'd incentive to my loit'ring feet,) I reach'd that aweful, solemn, pleasing hour,  
 Whose mem'ry ever yields a fighing joy,  
 When, with a happy heav'n-devoted few,  
 (That dar'd beneath IMMANUEL's banner  
   tread ;  
 Dar'd to be wise, by heav'nly wisdom taught,  
 And nobly follow where a GOD had led;) I trod the path, which *Sion's* lowly LORD,  
 With meekly majesty, before had trod.  
 Nor whim, nor caprice urg'd my willing feet;  
 Nor idle custom's empty voice impell'd;  
 But lov'd obedience to the sov'reign will,  
 By heav'n implanted in my yielding heart.  
 Taught by the mandate of his sacred word,  
 The way I once disdain'd I now pursu'd.

The sight how pleasing, 'midst a gazing world,  
 That down the steep of ruin headlong drives,  
 To see life's op'ning bloom an off'ring made,  
 And tott'ring age its scanty hour devote  
 To heav'ns great, glorious, everlasting KING !  
 Avow their choice, to list'ning earth avow,  
 And dare to tell the world, they die to sin ;  
 Die to the luring captor's fatal pow'r,  
 Tho' long the vassals of his lordly sway,  
 And rise the subjects of a nobler king ;  
 Reckless of scorn, the senseless laugh of fools,  
 That, as the empty wind, unheeded sounds !

Ye much-lov'd trav'lers in the same dear road,  
 Immerf'd beneath the same surrounding wave,  
 And in the same translucent grave entomb'd ;  
 Oft, trembling, let us to that hour recur,  
 Its aweful import, and its solemn vows ;

Vows made on earth, and heard in yonder heav'n:  
 For heav'n that day our protestations heard;  
 Beheld us vow allegiance to his reign,  
 Allegiance full, and other lords disclaim.  
 O! may we never henceforth traitors prove;  
 But firm and fix'd allegiance still maintain!  
 For, should these hapless feet incautious stray  
 Again thro' sin's dark paths of guilt and woe,  
 Contempt must pour on heav'n's most darling  
     cause.  
 And could we then, with hearts unbleeding, hear  
 That dear, dear name in vile derision toss'd,  
 And made of impious scoffers the disdain?  
 That theme, that strings the angel harps with  
     love,  
 Revil'd, traduc'd, and made the butt of scorn?  
 Black detestation wrap the horrid thought,  
 And make it loathsome ever to behold!  
 And ye, dear partners of a better hope,  
 With equal horror, tremble at the view.

Blest

Blest band of heav'n's distinguish'd, happy  
choice!  
That hour in recognition yet how sweet!

There my LUCINDA, with the favour'd race,  
The dear co-partner of my sighs and smiles,  
Avow'd obedience to the KING of kings.

CORDELIA too a scoffing age disdain'd,  
And, taught by heav'n, to heav'n her *all* devoted;  
Trac'd thro' the wave her SAVIOUR's shining  
step,  
And, led by love, to love the tribute paid.

Happy CLARISSA! happy CORDELIA too!  
Of each how worthy, and in each how blest!  
How vast a debt, immense, to you I owe!  
And yet in gratitude how beggar'd too!  
Long with descending blessings be ye crown'd,  
'Till 'midst the seas of bliss your souls rejoin!

There

There MYRON too conjoin'd the heav'n-led  
train ;  
From ruin rescu'd, there his choice declar'd.

Those giddy feet, that once spontaneous mov'd,  
In vile obedience to his worst of foes,  
With happy speed now post to *Sion's* hill.

STATIRA too, in life's young budding hour,  
There came, the candidate of endles斯 joy :  
And IPHIGENE, in youth's expanded bloom,  
First lov'd by heav'n, in love his will obey'd.  
There happy souls, in bands connubial ty'd,  
Espoused pairs, in double ties were bound :  
And those endear'd by nature, in one womb  
Sustain'd, in dearer kindred there were join'd.  
Nor youth too soon, nor age too late conceiv'd,  
To tread the path a SAVIOUR deign'd to mark ;  
Nor with indiff'rence held what heav'n enjoin'd.

But,

But, oh! DORINDA, \* drooping comfort  
    bleeds,  
 In mem'ry's field this train to reconvene,  
 And in the midst the lov'd DORINDA plac'd,  
 Now absent ever from this vale of woe;  
 Snatch'd from our grasp, the blessing scarce  
    posseff'd,  
 Or in possession only taught its worth,  
 To point more sharp the terebrating pang.  
 Alas! dear maid! alas! our faded joys!  
 No heart unsavag'd can restrain the sigh.  
 Yet wherefore grief? Why heaves the swelling  
    sob?  
 DORINDA reigns, with blisses all enwrapt,  
 An happy spirit in the fields of light.  
 Hush then, my grief, nor pour the hopeless tear:  
 Bewail her loss; but hail the blest exchange.

How

\* Mrs. E. HARVEY; who, after many years conflict with doubts and fears, attended to the solemn ordinance of baptism, which she had so long desired to do.

How oft the ruling hand of heav'n is veil'd  
 In deep, inscrutable, mysterious gloom,  
 To mortal ken in unpierc'd cloud involv'd!  
 But in DORINDA mark the guiding hand,  
 That shone unclouded, with compassion cloath'd.  
 Her soul, beneath a sinking load of fears,  
 How many rolling years unfix'd remain!  
 Toss'd up and down in doubt's unsettled scale,  
 Now fears prevail'd, and now obedience urg'd;  
 And seldom found her timid heart repose.  
 Heav'n saw with pity her perturbed breast,  
 Dispell'd her gloom, her wav'ring will confirm'd,  
 And led her joyful thro' the long-wish'd hour:  
 Then, fipping once  $\ddagger$  of Sion's hallow'd streams,  
 That flow with scanty emanation here,

Was

$\ddagger$  She partook but once of the memorials of her dying SAVIOUR: For, in less than five weeks after she was baptized, she was taken from the church below to the triumphant courts above.

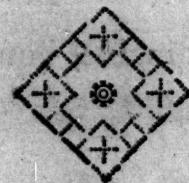
Was borne exulting to th' exhaustless fount,  
 Where everlasting plenitude abounds;  
 Forsook her seat in these sublunar courts,  
 To fill her mansion near her Father's throne,  
 No more to leave, 'till endless years expire.

ETERNITY! the vast, stupendous thought!  
 And, more stupendous still! my little bark,  
 Tho' weak and feeble, must the deep explore;  
 Explore th' unfathomable, boundless deep!

Thou dear IMMANUEL, rock of all my  
 Conduct and guide my wav'ring, doubtful step,<sup>hope,</sup>  
 Thro' life's inhospitable, desart wild:  
 Protect and shield me from infernal foes,  
 Nor let the baits of sin allure my soul  
 To tread forbidden paths, where ruin dwells:  
 But thro' this gloomy vale, with perils throng'd,

Lead and direct me to the shores of rest;  
To thy blest bosom, seat of endless bliss,  
Where grief, care, woe, and sin shall never come.

F I N I S.



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